THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VI. MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, DECEMBER 15, 1854. NO. 23.

THE LILY,

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT MOUNT VERNON, O.

Terms—Fifty Cents per annum in Advance, or Seven Copies for Three Dollars.

☞ All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

Mrs. AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor & Proprietor.

For The Lily.

LIGHT AT LAST.*

BY BELLE VILLE.

See the dawn is breaking:
Gloomy night is p st.
All o'er our earth awaking—
Light at last!

Thousands once in darkness,
Shout that i is past;
For o'er the horizon beameth—
Light at last!

Fathers, sons and brothers,
Once in bondage fast,
Have broke their iron fetters;
Light at last!

Mothers, catch the echo,
As it wingeth past:
Their hearts break forth in gladness—
Light at last!

Sisters, join the chorus;
Sorrow's day is past.
Temp'rance beameth o'er us:
Light at last!

O Earth! take up the measure;
Onward sweep the blast;
Proclaim the glorious tidings—
Light at last!

* The above lines were suggested on seeing in The Lily the name of one of the Lod. es of Good Templars' (Light at Last) located at Limaville, Stark Co., and to which Lodge they are respectfully dedicated.

Song to the Million---A Prayer for Us All.

God of the mountain, God of the storm,
God of the flower, God of the worm!
Hear us and bless us,
Forgive us, redress us!
Breathe on our spirits thy love and thy healing,
Teach us content with thy fatherly dealing—
Teach us to love thee,
To love one another, brother his brother,
And make us all free—
Free from the shackles of ancient tradition,
Free from the censure of man for his neighbor;
Help us each one to fulfill his true mission,
And show us 'tis manly, 'tis God-like to labor!

God of the darkness, God of the sun,
God of the beautiful, God of each one!
Clothe us and feed us,
Illume us and lead us!
Show us that avarice holds us in thrall,
That the land is all thine, and thou givest to all.
Scatter our blindness;
Help us to do right, all the day and the night,
To love mercy and kindness;
Aid us to conquer mistakes of the past,
Show us our future to cheer us and arm us,
The upper, the better, the mansions thou hast;
And God of the grave! that the grave cannot harm us.

ESSIE CAVE,
Or a Tale of the Times.

BY MISS M. WEBSTER AUDNUT.

The ultra-fashionable Mrs. Barstow, wife of John Barstow Esq., the wealthy miller prince of the city of R———, had been invited to visit Mrs. Grant, for the purpose of meeting Mrs. Neil, a former resident of the city, and a friend of both ladies; but had been for the last year and a half, living some twenty miles back in the country.

Just as the kettle was singing its last strain, preparatory to being removed from the fire, in the preparation for tea, Mrs. Barstow, dressed with the most perfect taste, and in the extreme of fashion, was ushered into Mrs. Grant's parlor, where Mrs. Neil had been some two or three hours awaiting her arrival. Mutual greetings were exchanged with the utmost cordiality, and in the genial atmosphere of plain Mrs. Grant's society, even the aristocratic Mrs. Barstow forgot pride and dignity, and was ready, what she well knew how to be, friendly and social.

After tea, Mrs. Grant was called from the room to superintend some domestic concerns, and Mrs. Barstow took the opportunity of saying:

"You reside in the neighborhood of Essie Cave, the Poetess, I believe, Mrs. Neil, are you acquainted with her?"

"O, very well indeed! I knew her before we removed from R———, and they are now quite near neighbors, living only a mile or so from us."

"I have a great curiosity to meet her," said Mrs. Barstow, "I have heard her spoken very highly of, as a lady of talent and refinement, and I have read and admired her poetry in our journals for a long time."

"Besides that," said Mrs. Neil, smiling, "if dame Rumor says truly, you have a more active stimulant to your curiosity than a mere desire to see the authoress of a few pretty scraps of poetry. It is currently reported, and is currently believed, in our neighborhood, that she is soon to be your daughter!"

"Yes, I suppose it is so," said Mrs. B. with the triumphant air of a person well pleased, "I suppose it is so. You know Byron spent the greater part of the fall and winter in her immediate neighborhood, superintending the flouring mills which Mr. Barstow has recently purchased in that vicinity; and he seems to regard her as little lower than the angels. He told me a few days ago, that they were to be married the coming fall and wished me to congratulate him on his good fortune in securing the hand of one for whom there are so many competitors, and of one who, young as she is, has already won for herself no inconsiderable name among our literati."

"Her name among the literati is the least upon which you have to congratulate him, Mrs. Barstow," said Mrs. Neil seriously. "Essie Cave is one of the best girls I ever knew, and will not only be to Byron a true, earnest and loving wife, but an invaluable treasure; and a comfort to all with whom she may become connected."

"I do not doubt it in the least. I know Byron's taste and discernment among the ladies is indisputable, and whomsoever he has selected for a wife must be the very personification of elegance and delicacy. Besides, her writings bespeak a mind free from and above all that is low or plebian. I cannot restrain the pride I feel at the connection Byron is about to form."

The entrance of Mrs. Grant put an end to the conversation, but Mrs. Neil's face wore a most comical expression for some moments afterwards; and resumed it again and again, every time the name of Essie Cave was mentioned, which it happened to be several times in the course of the evening; Mrs. B. being too much pleased with the honor intended her family, to forbear and leave the Poetess alone.

"Come out as soon as you can, Mrs. Barstow," said Mrs. Neil at parting that night, "come out to our farm and spend a few days with me, and I will bring you to a sight of the lady you so much wish to see."

"I certainly will do so the first leisure I have!" and the emphatic tone in which the words were pronounced left no doubt in the hearer's mind that the promise would be fulfilled.

Accordingly in a few weeks, Mrs. Barstow drove out to Mr. Neil's one Saturday, intending to stay over the Sabbath, and thus have an opportunity of seeing the object of her curiosity at church. The very costliest and most elegant outfit of a very costly and elegant wardrobe was taken in which to make her debut in the church at Willow Run, and do honor in the eyes of the elegant and refined Essie Cave to the mother of her accepted lover; but unfortunately

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agle;"

and after all Mrs. Barstow's pains-taking, Essie was not at church; so the rich silk dress, white crape shawl, and lace hat, were thrown away upon the vulgar herd of plebian farmers and their dowdy wives and daughters, as Mrs. B. remarked in a disappointed tone, as she and Mrs. Neil were on the road home.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Neil good humoredly, but at the same time with the old quizzical look, 'I will take you out to ride in the morning, and we can pass her father's house. I will find some excuse to call her out to the carriage, and you shall not return disappointed to R———."

And now, dear reader, while this combination is formed against her, let me introduce to you Miss Cave as she is. The daughter of a farmer, and unfortunately of a farmer with a considerable mortgage upon his farm to be cleared off; and having luckily an excellent manager and housekeeper for a mother, Essie had been early initiated into all the mysteries of house work—and farm work too, for that matter; and there were few things out or in doors but what she could turn her hand to. Her father and brothers were strong advocates for woman's rights, and Essie used to declare laughing, that she wished Mrs. Bloomer and sundry others of her class only had her father and brothers to deal with; they would soon cry for an abridgement, instead of an extension of rights.

It was her father's settled conviction that the women ought to milk in harvest time; and when he came home cold and hungry from the neigh-

bering city, where he was frequently obliged to go on business, he could, without straining his conscience in the least, bring himself to consider it Essie's right to unharness and stable old Prince, and give him his oats after he had become sufficiently cool to eat them. Her brothers, too, were real women's rights men. It was Essie's right to turn fanning-mill or grindstone, when an extra hand was wanted—to drive the cows to and from the pasture sometimes, when the hay or grain was in danger of a wetting by a night's exposure, and the boys couldn't well leave it till it was too dark to see to work—to go with a huge basket of luncheon in one hand, and an equally huge pail of coffee in the other, half a mile to the harvest field, about three o'clock in the afternoon of every sultry day during that interesting period of harvesting—to watch the rows of bee-hives, and then run a mile, mile and a half or two miles, as the case might be, whenever a juvenile family dared to leave the paternal mansion, and launch into the world to see something of life on their own responsibility, in order to call some of those said brothers to come and establish the tyros in their new domicil— to carry occasionally, and not very occasionally either, pails of sour milk and other adjuncts of a farmer's kitchen, commonly yclept "swill," to a pen full of spring pigs, daily growing more and more fit, under Miss Essie's care, for the responsible position of roasters—and even once on the great occasion of threshing, when one hand happened to be taken suddenly sick, and in consequence the whole concern of eight horses and twelve or fifteen men came to a dead stand still, and seemed inevitably doomed to remain so till another hand could be procured, her brother Zeb suddenly bethought himself that it was Essie's right to fill the place of the invalid, and accordingly she was installed at her post, and stacked away straw with the best of them for an hour; when the anxiously sought reinforcement arrived. Besides this, she had a general eye to the good condition of the barns and lands adjoining the house during the absence of the men at the other side of the farm; was errand boy for her mother, and even filled the place of dog, and drove off sundry stray pigs and cattle which meditated foraging expeditions into the corn or potato fields, when old Rover chanced to be beyond call. Amid all this multiplicity of duties, with spirits as light and sunshiny as a sunshiny day in summer, tho'ts and feelings would come gushing irrepressibly forth from the depths of the deep and loving heart, and would clothe themselves in the language of poetry in spite of all surroundings.

It was Monday morning. Essie had been deep in the mysteries of the wash tub since early dawn till about eleven o'clock, when, having finished washing, and having been favored during the time with a visit from the Muses, (who generally choose that time to pay their devoirs) she left her mother preparing dinner, and ran off up stairs to jot down upon paper the thoughts and words that had been crowding her brain during the process of refreshing the family linen. Seated at her little desk, with pen, ink and paper, she was soon absorbed, and forgot all outdoor and indoor occupations, till her mother's voice was heard at the foot of the stairs:

"Essie! Essie! there are some hogs in the corn! you must run and drive them out!"

Throwing down pen and paper, and catching up a sun-bonnet, which a day or two before had served the puppy for a foot-ball, and from which he had chewed and torn nearly all the cape, and calling to Rover, who was her friend and ally in all such emergencies—when he was to be found, which was not half the time—Essie ran out of the front door, across the road, and into the orchard, which was planted in corn, now just beginning to be fit for roasting. Letting down the bars, and catching sight of the depredators, Essie with old Rover at her heels, ran through the corn, until she had collected all the marauders before her, and then drove them safely to the bars, which opened on the main road. Passing through herself, she waited just outside for Rover to do his duty and drive forth the trespassers.

And now, reader, have you her in your mind's eye, in her faded and not entirely whole (for there were two or three great rents in the skirt) chints washing dress—her tattered, almost capeless sunbonnet—her huge blue and white checked woolen apron, held up by the corners, and stuffed as full as it could hold with ripe early apples and ears of corn which she had gathered in her dodgings in and out among the rows. While she stands quietly for the last huge porker to make an extra effort, assisted by Rover in the rear, to step over the lower bar, a carriage in which are two ladies has approached close to her without being noticed, the inmates of which are earnestly regarding her; one with a whimsical expression of suppressed mirth, the other with an equally plain expression of disgust, while they are speaking of the house opposite as being the residence of the fastidious Essie Cave.

At this moment, Essie, startled by the sound of wheels so near, turns hastily round, meets a laughing, cordial "good morning' from the quizzical looking lady, a cold astonishing stare from the strange lady, and the carriage passes on.

"You seem to be on quite intimate terms with Mr. Cave's servants," said the fastidious Mrs. Barstow, (for it was that lady and Mrs. Neil,) in a slight tone of scorn.

"That wasn't a servant, it was Essie," said Mrs Neil, unable to restrain her laughter any longer, "Essie Cave, herself."

"Essie Cave! the Essie Cave that writes poetry! can it be possible!" and Mrs. Barstow sunk back horror-struck, and in speechless astonishment.

It was some minutes before she recovered herself sufficiently to make any comment, and when she did, it was only to beg Mrs. Neil to say nothing to Miss Cave, or any one else, as to whom the lady was that had been visiting her, or the object of that visit, and as soon as they reached Mrs. Neil's, and dinner had been dispatched, she ordered her carriage and took leave, unable to control the feelings of rage, disappointment and mortification such a sight of Essie Cave had occasioned her. Mrs Neil would gladly have made some explanation, or said something to soothe Mrs. Barstow's irritated feelings, but whenever she thought to make the attempt, the recollection of the manner in which Mrs. B. had previously spoken of Essie, and the pride with which she had congratulated herself upon the addition to her family of such a pattern of elegance, delicacy and refinement, overcame her, and she felt she could not control the risible muscles sufficiently to make the attempt.

One evening, a few days after this scene, as Byron Barstow was about leaving the house, after tea, for the office, the scene of his daily toils, his mother followed him into the hall, and said:

"I wish, if you are not particularly engaged this evening, you would come up to my room, I have something to say to you."

Struck by her manner, the young man set down the hat he had just taken up, and without a word followed his mother up stairs.

"What is it mother? Have you heard any bad news?' said he in a voice of anxiety, as she closed the door after her entrance.

"No, I have heard nothing; what I wish to speak about is your marriage with Essie Cave."

"And what of that, mother, speak, quick! your manner really alarms me! Have you heard anything—do you know anything—is anything the matter?"

"No, no, Byron, don't be alarmed. What I wish to say is, that I fear you have been deceived in this young lady; that she is not what you imagine her to be."

"Been deceived in her? In what manner? What do you mean?" said the young man in a tone no less disturbed than before.

"Why I mean simply this; that I am afraid, instead of being as we have always supposed her, refined and lady-like, she is decidedly low and vulgar."

"Low and vulgar, mother!" said Byron, while the hot blood crimsoned his forehead, and his dark eye flashed fire; "who has dared to tell you that—who has dared traduce, in this manner, my chosen wife to my own mother?"

"Nobody, my son, no one has told me aught against her—I have seen it for myself. You know I have been spending a few days with Mrs Neil, and while there we passed Mr. Cave's and what do you think we saw Essie doing?"

"Milking, perhaps," said the young man whistling; for he began to see by this time what the mischief was.

"No, but she was out in a torn dress and bonnet, a blue checked woollen apron on, a huge, overgrown dog at her heels, driving hogs out of her father's corn field."

"Is that all?" said Byron, laughing. "I thought by your look and manner, she had been guilty of murder at the very least. Why mother," continued he gaily, "the first time I ever saw her was when I was about contracting wheat for father last fall, and she was then in the barn, holding open the bags while her father filled them with grain, and I fell in love with her at once."

"You may make light of it if you will," said his mother angrily, "but I tell you such a girl is no fit associate for your mother and sisters What would you think if you saw your sister Eugenia dressed so like a common washerwoman?"

"Just as much of her as I do now, and if she were really washing, a great deal more," replied he good humoredly. "I tell you what, mother," he continued, "Essie Cave can wash and iron, milk, and make butter and cheese, and bread, can darn stockings, and mend old coats equal to anybody; but while she has been learning all these things, she has also found time to cultivate thoroughly a naturally fine mind, and become highly accomplished too. I don't think she can make tissue paper flowers, or wax fruit; or torture green dogs, or orange colored cats out of zephyr worsted; but she can sketch from nature with the skill of an artist, and she can play the piano better than nine-tenths of the so-called musical professors."

"All that sounds very fine!" said Mrs. Barstow, the angry spot growing deeper on her cheek; "but I don't think it necessary for a son of John Barstow to marry a wife who can support herself by washing. I really wish you would discard this girl and choose, instead, one among the circle of your sisters' associates, Maria Granger, for instance. She is a sweet girl."

"Yes, sweet enough," said Byron, "and that is all she is. She isn't good for the least thing, but to look at. Ten dozen just like her wouldn't get a hungry man a dinner; and as for its not being necessary for my father's son to marry a wife who can support herself by washing, that may be true now, but who can tell how it may be in a few years. Fortunes are precarious things in this country. The rich man to-day, may be the poor man to-morrow, and the millionaire of this year, may not be worth a sou in five, aye, in one year hence. But," continued he seriously, "I am sorry to hear you speak in this way of Essie. You have always, heretofore, seemed to be very much pleased and flattered at my choice."

"That was before I had ever seen her, and when you made me think she was an angel; now I have seen her for myself, and can judge better. You can do as you please, Byron, but if you marry her, you must not expect that I, or your sisters, will countenance or associate with her. We cannot compromise our dignity in that manner."

"I certainly shall marry her," said the young man firmly; "unless,' he added, and his voice grew suddenly sad, "unless Essie should herself refuse to enter the family under such circumstances;" and bowing to his mother, without another word he left the room.

The next evening found Byron and Essie in the quiet parlor at Mr. Cave's. The conversation between his mother and himself, softened as much as possible, had been repeated to Essie, but her quick eye had detected all he would willingly have concealed, and she saw the truth at once. Several times the face had flushed, the eyes darkened with indignation, and she had half risen from her seat, but an appealing look from Byron had calmed her, and she had listened quietly, while he assured her again and again how foreign all such thoughts and feelings were to his own heart; and besought her not to withhold her consent to be his wife, and thus make shipwreck of his dearest hopes, though he could well see the pain and mortification she must suffer in entering the family under such auspices.

"No," said Essie, gently at length; "no, dear Byron, it would be wrong to sacrifice your happiness as well as my own, to these foolish prejudices of your mother. The arrangements you were speaking of, for removing to the West, can be made, so that we shall not be within her observation; and perhaps in a few years she will learn to know me better and love me."

"O! she must, she will!" exclaimed Byron while the tears started in his eyes, and he drew Essie proudly and fondly to his heart.

In a few weeks the wedding took place, but neither Mrs. Barstow or her daughters condescended to grace the occasion with their presence. Mr. Barstow, a fine-hearted, benevolent man, was the only member of the bridegroom's family present; and, as Byron knew that Essie would only meet neglect and contempt at the hands of his mother and sisters, he did not take her to see them at all, but proceeded immediately to the new home his father had generously provided for them in one of the thriving Western States.

Five years from that time saw Byron's words verified. The millionaire was a beggar. Mr. Barstow was a bankrupt, and as he was an honorable man, he was a poor bankrupt. The claims of his creditors were all met, but it was at the expense of everything. His house, furniture, pictures, plate, all went, and at the age of sixty he was left without a penny. Byron and Essie immediately came forward, and offered in the most cordial terms to share their home with their parents, and though Mr. Barstow would gladly have availed himself of the offer, his wife would not consent Never, during the past five years, had she written one line to Essie, or showed, by word or deed, that she was a member of the family, and it was more than her proud spirit would brook now, to become dependent on Essie for a home. For two or three years they tried living first with one daughter, and then with another, but as they had both married fortune-hunters, and as their husbands found, that instead of a fortune they had nothing, it came pretty hard to support father and mother too, and their homes in consequence were anything but pleasant. At last Byron came in person to urge a request from Essie that his parents would come and try a home in the West. Mrs. Barstow consented, and in a few days were on their way to Illinois.

They have lived two years with Essie, and Mrs. B. can not only bear to see her daughter-in-law wash, but can herself help wash. She has no child like "our Essie," and the last time I was there on a visit, when I came within sight of the house, the aristocratic Mrs. Barstow stood holding open the garden gate, while Essie's oldest boy a white-haired urchin, drove the pigs out of the potatoes.

Burlington, Ken., April, 1854.

Woman's Wit.—Some young loungers in Maine who had tried in vain to procure liquor, hit upon this expedient to procure their heart's desire:—

They took a horse and putting several bandages around one of his legs, went to the Agent representing the animal to be very seriously hurt, and wanted two quarts of New England rum to use in bathing his wound. The agent, however, having none of the kind desired, they were very ready to take up with some St. Croix. In a day or two they returned for more to use for the same purpose, and the agent being away, they applied to his wife for the liquor. She readily drew the liquor, and taking a good round price for it, remarked, as she delivered it to her customers, that there was some camphene in the bottom of the measure, but she presumed it would not hurt the horse, but would answer just as well for the purpose designed. Woman's wit it is supposed cured the horse—for they did not come again, and his leg was suddenly restored to perfect soundness.

In this case, it was proved, as it has been in many others, that woman's ready strategy was too much for the lovers of liquor.

Economical.—The little State of Rhode Island is giving its larger sisters an example worthy of imitation. Its Legislature has had a session of four days, during which fifty acts and resolutions were passed, a number of Judges elected and salaries fixed.

A CHAPTER ON WOMEN.

We like to look upon a healthy woman—she is a prodigy in the nineteenth century. Wherever you go you see scores and hundreds of spleeny, sickly, feeble girls, who can hardly master courage to make their beds, wash their faces, or drive an intruding cow from the yard. Tell them about early rising, fresh air, and healthy exercise, and they heave a sigh as long as the moral law, and are ready to faint away. You expect them to get up before day—to work in the kitchen—to breathe the fresh air of morning! Preposterous and absurd! They have never seen the sun rise, and would hardly know but the sun continues to shine forever, if it were not for the almanacs and their grandmothers. No wonder every year sweeps to the grave so many young women who have been sickly and effeminate ever since they were born into the world; and death will continue to select them as his victims till they learn their duty, and pursue that course which insures health, strength and long life. Our great grand parents lived to a great age—and never thought of lying down to die, till they had at last reached the meridian of life They were strong, happy and hearty. Why? They rose early, worked like beavers, and never spent the midnight hours in dancing

Instead of being frightened at a mouse at their feet, a beetle on their neck, a fly's foot on their arms, in the absence of their fathers and husbands, they would load their guns, and shoot bears and catamounts, and keep at bay a party of savages. How have their daughters degenerated? What female is there now-a-days who wouldn't run from a gun, even if it had no lock? The ladies of the olden times outlived their husbands years and years. How is it now? Widows are few and far between. It was no singular thing for our grandmothers to have three or four husbands in the course of their lives. Now it is the reverse. Men have about so many wives—d seases of late have been so fatal among the female sex. Do you know the cause? It is found in listless idleness, inactivity, late hours, thin shoes, muslin dresses, a horror of fresh morning air, and in that detestable stuff stitched in pink and yellow covers, which is flooding our country. If they will not do anything else, young ladies will sit and read from morning till night that sickly, sentimental, impure and licentious trash that is thrown in such abundance from the press. This shrivels the mind, warps the affections, chills the better feelings, and makes the life wretched beyond description. Let females look into this subject, and act like reasonable beings, and we should see quite a different state of things. We should hear of no fainting away, no sickly consumption, no affection of lungs, no elopements, and no suicides.

The Temperance men in Oregon are to hold a mass convention in Portland, immediately after the nominations of the political arties have been made, and have resolved to vote only for such men as favor the passage of a Prohibitory Liquor Law.

Severe trials call into action those reserved forces of thought and courage and fortitude and faith, which give the victory in the battle of life.

It is estimated that the amount expended annually for liquor in Cincinnati is upward of $6,400,000.

MRS. NICHOLS IN KANSAS.

We find in the Milwaukie *Free Democrat* a letter from Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, from which we extract the following account of her first lecture in Kansas. Those of our readers who know Mrs. N. can readily bring the whole scene before the mind's eye, and will with us heartily enjoy the picture she draws of "pioneer life."—[Ed.

But I must cut short my description of the country, and will only add a chapter descriptive of pioneer life, for the amusement of your readers.

Last evening I lectured by invitation in the first church or meeting-house erected in the settlement. The lecture hour was announced by the ringing up and down of the city dinner bell. My subject was the "Rights of Women," a topic on the tapis and being stoutly contended when I arrived in the settlement.

Now let me give a picture of this Meeting House, which was finished only yesterday and which I expect to describe in future years, when the gorgeous pile effected by longer settled countries shall take its place—adding with pride that I had the honor of dedicating it to the equal rights of woman, in the first audience that ever congregated within its walls.

This "Meeting-House" is 64 by 20 feet, and constructed first of poles, or small round timbers, and is simply the sharp roof of a Yankee cottage, having a ridge-pole through the center and its sides resting on the ground, so that it stands upon the ground for all the world like the roof of a building. The poles run up the length of the building, horizontally, and are some 16 inches apart, and supported by rafters where the poles join; over these on the outside, is a thick thatching of prairie hay, tied by cotton twine to the poles. Of course the inside of the building presents to the eye only hay and poles, the hay escaping in single straws rather freely, and tickling the faces that get too near the sloping sides. Bundles of prairie hay were freely strewed upon the floor (ground) and my auditors ranged themselves "*a la Turk*," till no aisle remained between the desk and entrance. There were a number of boxes and trunks, belonging to some of the last party, who have to lodge there till they get up tents or log-houses to live in—and on these the women were seated near me. My desk was constructed of two tool-chests, piled one on the other, and lighted by two glass lanterns, suspended, at equal distances, from cross poles, and threw their light in the faces of the auditors. It was a novel scene, and I enjoyed it as I have seldom done a lecture occasion. With my earnest sympathy in your public and private relations, and a perfect confidence that the Freemen and *Women* of Wisconsin will stand by you to the "hat's end" in your war upon the Slave power, I remain truly

C. I. H. Nichols.

Boston has seldom, if ever, sent Maine Law men to the Legislature. She is entitled to send forty-four members, and, of course, this has been quite an opposition to our temperance legislation. But this year the tables are turned. The Native Americans carried the city, and twenty-six of the Representatives are known Maine Law men. A fairer prospect never flattered the temperance cause. By a large majority our Legislature is in favor of a prohibitory liquor law. We shall be able to amend the present law to our wishes at the next session of the Legislature.

The Alexandria, Va., Gazette says the mail between Alexandria and Dumfries is now carried regularly and punctually, on horseback, by a young lady, who acts in the place of her father, who is sick. She has now been thus engaged for several weeks, and has never missed a day, or been out of time.

The State of Connecticut is out of debt and has money loaned at interest.

THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, DECEMBER 15, 1854

FOR SALE.

About 300 lbs. of Bourgeois Type, nearly new, which will be sold at a bargain. Enquire of D. C. Bloomer, Mount Vernon, O.

PROSPECTUS

FOR THE SEVENTH VOLUME OF

THE LILY,

A QUARTO JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

WOMAN,

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY

MARY B. BIRDSALL, Editor & Proprietor.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Corresponding Editor.

AT RICHMOND, INDIANA.

The Seventh Volume of this popular and widely known paper will be commenced on the 1st of January, 1855.

A tried and unwavering herald in the Temperance cause, it has labored, and will continue to labor for the overthrow of that evil, which, though most hideous and terrible in its effects, yet has a deeply-rooted and appalling influence, from the very heart of community to its every extremity. This monster vice INTEMPERANCE, that searches our homes, seizes, confiscates and destroys their strength, hopes and happiness—shall be met with an unceasing warfare; and decisive endeavors used to create a general, determined and permanent WILL OF THE PEOPLE in favor of effectual PROHIBITORY LAWS.

The great question of the day, the ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMAN, will be discussed and considered in all its bearings. That Woman, as one half of Humanity, has the same natural and inherent rights as the other half—that her right to herself is as true, her individual sovereignty as sacred, her social independence as important, and her right to her estate, her earnings and her choice of occupation as natural and self-evident, and that our social compact should be freed from all antagonizing causes—is a question of vital interest, that will be thoroughly examined in THE LILY.

The contents of THE LILY are almost entirely ORIGINAL. The Editor will be assisted by a *numerous and talented list of contributors*, who will add interest and value to its pages.

A true record of Womans' widening sphere of duty or of usefulness, will be given.

MRS. BLOOMER, on account of her intended removal to the "Far West" in a few months, has committed the interests of THE LILY to MRS. MARY B. BIRDSALL, conductor of The Ladies' Department of the *Indiana Farmer*, by whom it will hereafter be published in the same form, and with the same general character as hitherto.

MRS. BLOOMER will remain connected with the paper as CORRESPONDING EDITOR, and will add interest to its columns by her contributions.

THE LILY will hereafter be issued at Richmond, Ind. It will be printed in quarto form on the 1st and 15th of each month, at the low price of FIFTY CENTS a year, or Seven copies for THREE DOLLARS, payable invariably in ADVANCE.

THE LILY being *the only paper of the kind now published*, has strong claims for support upon the friends and advocates of Woman's elevation; and the Editor appeals to all such to aid her in her work by increasing its circulation. It is the *cheapest* paper of its size now published; and it can only be sustained at the present price by a large subscription list.

All letters and communications should be addressed, *post paid*, to MARY B. BIRDSALL, RICHMOND, Indiana.

December, 1854.

☞ The next number of The Lily will be issued at Richmond, Ind., on or about the 1st of January. There may be a little delay caused by the removal, but we trust it will be out in good time.

A CHANGE, BUT NOT A FAREWELL.

We intimated in our last Number that some change was to take place in the publication of The Lily, and we now have the pleasure of announcing that instead of its being discontinued, as we then feared it might be, we have succeeded in making a transfer of it to Mary B. Birdsall, of Richmond, Indiana, by whom its publication will be continued. Circumstances make it necessary that we should retire from its charge, but in doing so we were unwilling that our readers should be deprived of the useful information and instruction which The Lily chronicles for their benefit. We have therefore spared no effort to find one to whose hands we could entrust it with the feeling that its interests would be well cared for. We believe that in Mrs. Birdsall we have found such an one, and we commit it in all confidence to her care—hoping and trusting that our subscribers will place the same confidence in her, and rally as cheerfully and as strongly to her support as they have done to ours. Mrs. B. is sound on the two great questions discussed in The Lily—Temperance and Woman's Rights—(questions which are really inseparable)—and they will be ably discussed and defended by her in its future numbers.

A desire will naturally be felt to know the cause of our resigning our charge, and that we may not be misrepresented or misunderstood, we will give our reasons for the step.

As is already known to many of our readers, Mr. Bloomer has, during the fall, been journeying in the "far West." On his return home last month, he made known to us his purpose of making western Iowa our future home, and that he had made arrangements to remove thither early in the spring. Thus it became necessary for us to make some disposition of The Lily at once—and as the Volume was drawing near a close, little time was left us for effecting an arrangement in time for the new year.

Although some three months or more must elapse before we start for our Western home, yet now is the best time for us to withdraw from the publication of The Lily. The Volume closes with the present No., and as a large portion of subscriptions expire with the Volume, we can retire now with less responsibility than at any other time. Then too it is due to our successor that she have the full benefit of the renewal of subscriptions, that she may be able to meet the expenses which she must incur by the publication.

It may be asked, as it has frequently been already, why we do not take the paper to the West and continue it there? There are several reasons why we do not do this. The Western country is too sparsely settled to make it safe for us to rely upon it to support the paper; and the distance is too great and the facilities for carrying mails too insufficient for us to calculate on a large eastern circulation. Were the country furnished with railroads it would make but little difference whether the paper was published in Iowa or Ohio; but when we go three hundred miles beyond a railroad we deem it best to leave the paper behind.

Another reason for our resigning our charge is, that we have grown somewhat weary of its care, and feel desirous of relieving ourself of the labor which it imposes. For six years we have devoted the most of our time to The Lily—taking upon ourself the whole charge of the business, and doing most of the labor except press-work and composition. We need rest and relaxation—or at least a change of occupation; and feeling thus we learned without regret that the beauties of the western prairies, and the prospects of their growing cities had been sufficient to induce our "gude mon" to locate in the young and thriving State of Iowa.

We have dearly cherished The Lily, and we have been greatly cheered by the daily evidence we have had of the good it was doing. This has encouraged us to go forward, even when we were nearly fainting over our self-imposed task. And did circumstances favor it, we should probably labor on—weary as we have sometimes felt, and great as has often been the effort necessary to the discharge of duty. But The Lily being of but secondary importance must not be allowed to stand in the way of what we deem our interest. Home and husband being dearer to us than all beside, we cannot hesitate to sacrifice all for them; and so we cheerfully resign our pet to the care of its foster-mother, feeling well assured that our readers will lose nothing by the change if they will only put forth their hands to strengthen her in her undertaking.

As will be seen by the Prospectus, we do not entirely sever our connection with The Lily, but only throw off its greater burthens. As Corresponding Editor we shall hold frequent chats with our old friends and readers—provided they will listen to us and welcome The Lily, as of old, to their homes. We have no idea of retiring into obscurity, but shall keep the public posted as to our whereabouts, and tell them of the events transpiring in our far away city among the Bluffs.

We have occupied much space in telling of our purposes and plans, but we cannot close this article without again appealing to the readers of The Lily, to come forward promptly and not only renew their own subscriptions, but prevail upon others to join them. If each of our present subscribers would send in their own names and one other, the list might easily be doubled—and how much greater the good that would be done! We know that it is hard times, but fifty cents is a small sum which could not be spent for anything more valuable than The Lily.

Some may feel an objection to the paper being removed farther west; but we do not consider it any objection at all. The location is more central than now, when we consider the great West that lies beyond, in which cities are springing up which will soon rival the cities of the East. But the distance from this is not very great, and as the paper is not local in its character, it makes very little difference whether it is issued in the east or the west. Richmond is just across the line in Indiana; it is crossed by two or three railroads, making the facilities for carrying mails equal, if not superior to those possessed by us here. We sincerely hope then that the change of location will not be deemed of sufficient importance to cause the withdrawal of a single subscriber. We look to our western subscribers particularly for a manifestation of increased interest in behalf of The Lily, and we feel confident that they will do all they can to sustain and encourage their new leader in her arduous undertaking.

Let subscriptions be sent in as early as possible so that all may secure the numbers from the first of the Volume. Those subscriptions which commenced with the first of last January expire with this number. Those who commenced at a later date will receive the numbers to which they are entitled. We trust that these latter as well as those whose time has expired, will exert them-

selves to roll up a large subscription list for the new Volume.

We have no good-byes to utter, inasmuch as we are still to have a part in The Lily—still to aid in preparing, and share in enjoying the intellectual feast which it will furnish to all who see fit to partake of it.

The time that intervenes between this and our departure for the West we shall occupy in visiting and lecturing. A few weeks will be spent in this State and Indiana, and then we shall revisit our old home in New York. Letters that come to this office for us in our absence will be forwarded to us. After the middle of January our Post Office address will be Waterloo, N. Y., until the middle of March; after that time our friends will address us at Council Bluffs City, Iowa.

Our Contributors.—We feel to return thanks to our friends who have so generously contributed to our columns. The aid they have rendered has been invaluable to us, and we trust of lasting benefit to our readers. The knowledge that they have thereby served a good cause, is the greatest reward they could receive.

But while we feel truly grateful to those who have come to our aid with their pens, we have felt that there was cause for complaint against others who have the ability to do much, but who have nevertheless entirely withheld what they were so well able to give, and what those less informed so much need. If all who have the ability to write really good and useful articles would furnish one or two a year for The Lily, there would be enough contributions to fill the volume. This would require but little time from each, while the thoughts thus dropped would produce an abundant harvest of good to the thousands who would read and treasure them up. Let the friends of reform—those who are prominent in the advocacy of justice and right—think of this, and occasionally employ their pens for the good of those who are seeking for light and truth.

Council Bluffs City, which we expect will be our future residence, is situated in the very center of the Far West, on the Missouri river, about 800 miles from its mouth, and about 300 by the stage route west of Davenport, Iowa. It is the largest and oldest town in Western Iowa, and is destined, it is quite confidently believed, at an early day, to boast a large population and a flourishing trade. The number of persons at present residing in the place is stated at 1500, and judging from all we hear, it will be greatly increased the coming spring and summer. Our new home is represented to us to be situated just on the edge of the high and picturesque bluffs, and sufficiently elevated to afford a fine view of a considerable portion of the town itself—of the broad valley of the Missouri in front, and of the plains of Nebraska beyond for a long distance up and down the river—including the new city of Omaha, and other points in that far famed Territory. Here we shall be glad to give any of our old friends who may wander so far toward the setting sun, a cordial welcome, and the best fare our modest and unpretending dwelling may afford.

☞ Mr. Bloomer's business card will be found in another column, and we shall be pardoned we presume for expressing the hope that those who may have business in the line of his profession, to be transacted in the Far West, will bear in mind that he will be happy to serve them.

I. O. OF G. T.

Organization of a Grand Lodge in Ohio!

It is with much pleasure that we record the formation of a Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars in this State. The delegates from the different Lodges met for that purpose at Alliance, on the 30th ult. About 25 regular representatives were in attendance, and received the Grand Lodge Degree from H P. Barnes, R. W. G. S. of North America, assisted by P. W. C. T. G. M. Howard of N. Y, A Constitution for a Grand Lodge in Ohio was then agreed to, and the organization perfected by the election and installation of the following officers:

G. W. C. Templar, D. C. Bloomer, of Mt. Vernon.
G. W. Counsellor, H. W. Floyd, of Medina.
G. W. V. Templar, Cynthia N. Price, of Randolph.
G. W. Secretary, R. M. Buck, of Alliance.
G. W. Treasurer, H. Hoover, of Alliance.
G. W. Marshal, W. G. Bryant, of Urbana.
G. W. D. Marshal, H. Stephens, of Chesterville.
G. W. Chaplain, Rev. S. W. Ingham, of———

The per centage to the Grand Lodge from subordinates, was fixed at 8 cents for each member, payable semi-annually on the 1st of Feb. and 1st of August.

The next meeting of the Grand Lodge is to be held at Columbus on the first Tuesday of October next.

The number of Lodges in the State is 40, and it is expected that the number will be largely increased during the coming year. The Order has given great satisfaction wherever it has been established thus far.

Resolutions were passed by the Grand Lodge returning the cordial thanks of the members to Bro. Barnes and Howard for their attendance and valuable services in its organization; also to the members of the Order at Alliance for their hospitalities.

Grand Lodges were instituted in Canada West and in Iowa, last month, according to announcement in our last number. The prospects of a rapid increase in the Order in Iowa and Canada are very flattering.

There being now five Grand Lodges organized, it is expected that a National Lodge will be convened at an early day, and the Order thus permanently established on a National basis.

Star of Hope Lodge in this city continues to prosper. Its numbers now exceed 150, and are still constantly increasing. Its weekly meetings, which are very fully attended, are deeply interesting, and we hope productive of great good to the cause. Our association with the members of this Lodge has been pleasant and agreeable, and we shall part with them with real regret. Our wish and prayer is, that Star of Hope Lodge may long continue to hold its weekly meetings, and that its members may never falter in unwavering fidelity to their pledges. When far away, we shall often recur to the hours we have spent in their Lodge room during the last year as among the pleasantest we have passed in Mount Vernon.

A CARD.

Mr. Bloomer returns his warmest acknowledgments to the members of the Grand Lodge for the confidence reposed in him, in elevating him to the post of G. W. C. Templar, and he regrets that his anticipated early removal from the State will prevent him from rendering as large an amount of service to the Grand Lodge and the Order as he could desire. After about the 15th of January the office will probably devolve upon H. W. Floyd Esq., G. W. Counsellor, of Medina, who is heartily devoted to the advancement of the Order and the cause of Temperance, and who will most worthily discharge the duties of G. W. C. Templar. Under his fostering care and that of the other officers of the Grand Lodge and of the members generally, Mr. B. earnestly hopes that the Order may rapidly increase in numbers and usefulness.

Brothers Paige of Medina, Houck of Marlboro and Bryant of Urbana, have been authorized to act as special D. G. W. C. Templars in any part of the State, and to institute Lodges in all counties not yet organized into regular districts. It is hoped that they may meet with a warm welcome from the friends of Temperance, and that through their labors this excellent organization may be rapidly extended over Ohio.

Information in regard to the Order, and forms of application for the institution of new Lodges can be obtained by addressing R. M. Buck, Alliance, Stark Co., O.

D. C. Bloomer
G. W. C. T.

The Temperance Gem.—We have received the second Number of this little monthly literary and temperance journal, edited and published by Jenny & Carolyn Rumsey, at Bath, N. Y. It is very neatly printed on clean white paper, and, judging from this Number, its editorials are marked by considerable ability. We know nothing of the views of these ladies on subjects of reform—whether they belong to the conservative or liberal class—as there is nothing to indicate their position in the Number before us; but we feel to encourage every such enterprise on the part of woman, knowing that whether they admit it or not they are really advocating a wider sphere for their sex, by themselves stepping forward into so public a position.

We wish the Ladies great success in their new field of labor.

The Una Discontinued.—The December number of the *Una* contains Mrs. Davis' farewell to her readers. She has suspended the publication for a time on account of her health, and it will be discontinued altogether unless some person other than herself should revive it. The Lily is now again the only paper published devoted to the elevation and enfranchisement of woman, and it has therefore stronger claims upon those who approve of the principles, and wish to see disseminated the sentiments which it advocates. Let there be a general rally to its support, so that it may not be said that we have not a single paper devoted to the advocacy of Woman's Rights.

☞ At the Anti-Slavery Bazar held in Cincinnati, the latter part of October, six hundred dollars were realized from the sales, over and above all expenses. Two hundred dollars of this money is to be appropriated to pay a Lecturer to be employed in Ohio. It is expected that Miss Sallie Holly will be the Lecturer.

☞ Our exchanges will please direct in future to Richmond, Ind.

The high constables of Philadelphia have stated that a great amount of furniture belonging to the poor has been already pawned in that city, showing that the winter is likely to be severely felt by the humbler classes.

Duty itself is supreme delight when love is the inducement to labor.

When men try to get more good than comes from well doing, they always get less.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—How I almost envy you your task as Editress of The Lily; sustained as you must be by the proud consciousness of wielding a mighty influence in the cause of Right. Noiselessly, but surely, the good work is going on. Would that I too could give efficient aid in the cause. The Lilies I have received during the past year, I have always lent and distributed among the fearful and unbelieving, with the prayer that the little seed thus cast among the stony places may spring up and bear fruit a hundred fold.

I have been spending some time in Peoria, Ill., lately. It is a very pretty place, but quite stagnant, if that is not too strong an expression. Liquor dealers are not idle, however; they seem to be aware that their time is short, and are determined to do all the harm possible while they have the power. Let us hope and work for the good time coming, and the day will soon dawn, seeming all the brighter after the darkness which now surrounds us. I have secured two subscribers for The Lily here, and hope for more; but the ladies need yourself and Miss Stone both to wake them up, for almost all seem to be in enchanted ground—fast asleep. I find here some men who are very fond of governing their wives, and who consider all women as entirely wanting in intellectual capacity for all kinds of business—unless under the control of a *man*—who are also loud and bitter in their denunciations of woman's rights and temperance principles, refusing to "allow their families to read The Lily lest it should induce them to rebel against their authority." I give the exact words used.

The minister who officiates in one of the Presbyterian churches here is a large slaveholder. Rather singular it seemed to me—a soul-owning clergyman in a free Northern pulpit. Wonder what texts he takes when he preaches to his slaves?

In natural advantages, Peoria confessedly stands pre-eminent: and now with the iron links complete which bind her to her sister cities, she will rapidly increase in population. Could she, would she, burst the chain which thralls her, and drive the spoiler from her midst—would she take a noble stand for Liberty, Temperance and universal Education, she would soon outstrip all her competitors and become, as she ought, one of the loveliest, if not the loveliest city in this our beloved Union.

I intend soon to visit several other towns in Southern Illinois, and hope to be able to give you a better account of them than I could of this place. It is even possible that I may extend my tour eastward—in which case I shall not deny myself the pleasure of visiting Mt. Vernon. Can you inform me whether there is a Lodge of of Good Templars in Chicago? If not, could one be organized there?* I have not been able to hear of any members of the Order there, but wish exceedingly to belong to a Lodge.

I would gladly join the Sons of Temperance could I be received as an *equal*, but not otherwise. I cannot consent to be a mere spectator, or drudge. I am too firm a believer in the good old doctrine of "no taxation without representation." Yours, ANNIE NETTLE.

* We cannot say whether the Order of Good Templars has been introduced into Chicago or not. There are a number of Lodges in Illinois, and we know of nothing to prevent one being organized in Chicago whenever the people of that city are ready for it.—[Ed.

For the Lily.

MRS. SWISSHELM vs. LUCY STONE.

The *Type of the Times* copies a "Criticism on Lucy Stone," by Jane G. Swisshelm, in which she says that Lucy's recent address in that city, (Pittsburgh) was a "*complete failure.*" Among the greatest of her short-comings, is, that "*she is not handsome.*" Horrible! Now is it not very evident that the cause of Woman's Rights might as well be given up? If its champions are "not handsome," what *can* be done? And then, "the way she dresses would disfigure Venus herself, until she would be scarcely passable." Now I suppose that it is a "melancholy fact" that Lucy Stone's dresses are not of a "polite length," and that she did not, on ascending the platform, "hold up" her dress to a "becoming height." O dear! It is passing strange that women will be so presumptious as to persist in wearing the short dress, knowing that Mrs. Swisshelm disapproves of it. Has she not repeatedly held the short dress up to ridicule? Certainly she has. Then what *do* they mean? And then the way Lucy "wears her hair" is peculiarly shocking to our critic's nerves. How she does wear it we are not informed, but it is rumored that she wears it *on her head*, (!) cut off to a convenient and sensible length, not even having it done up into an ordinarily hideous looking *wad*. She "does sincerely wish," Mrs. Swisshelm does, "that she (Lucy) was done lecturing, and settled down at her proper vocation, whatever that is." "Whatever that is!" Why should you say that? Have you never "hear'n tell?" Why, it's "darning stockings and tending babies"—to be sure.

Mrs. Swisshelm admits they "have very great and grievous wrongs to be redressed." She certainly does. But she "cannot get over the belief that if there had never been a Woman's Rights convention, or a lady-lecturer, about one-half of these wrongs would by this time have been righted." She cannot "get over" this belief. Wonder if her "long skirts" have anything to do with her "getting over" it? But, "if any woman has a gift for public speaking, she has a right to speak." For this benevolent acknowledgment we should be truly grateful. We now "breathe easy" again. But alas! Mrs. Swisshelm has never "heard one who displayed any more than very ordinary ability in this line"—has "never heard a woman deliver a speech that would have been more than tolerated from a man." Our hopes for "female oratorship" are in "the dust" again.

FRANCIS BARRY.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, O., NOV. 28, 1854.

The writer of the following letter must pardon us if we do wrong in making it public. We hope The Lily may be favored with articles from her pen.—[Ed.

DEAR MADAM:—Enclosed is the price of your paper in postage stamps, in advance for another year. I do not recollect the date of my first No., and can not tell if my year is out, for I have given away the Numbers as fast as I have read them (mostly)—for they are too good to lay away as useless lumber, when so many giddy heads are blank and dry for want of the knowledge and sentiment contained in them.

The Lily is steadily improving—as it must in the nature of things. There is expansion of thought, and increased ability in its contributors, talent, force and principle in its Editorial, and a felicitous and fearless onset against its opponents which makes one glad. I read it *all*, for there is nothing unimportant in it.

Permit me to congratulate you on the moral and healthy influence it diffuses—the tone and character it is giving to the ca, abilities of woman, and the introduction it is giving her to her proper sphere and position in society—that position so long denied her by the great mass of mankind.

Woman has breathed in *under-tones* long enough. And, though these have been heard by the *few*, and recognized as beautiful as the undertones of "old Ocean" by the Poet, yet, by the *many* her aspirations have been stifled—her strugglings into intellectual life crushed—her soul suffocated in its expansiveness—wronged in its affectionateness, and hindered in its usefulness. Add to all this, the suffering and wrong endured by means of intemperance and unprincipled tyranny, and the cup is full to overflowing.

We bless the pioneers engaged in this crusade to recover our stolen rights and privileges, and honor the moral courage that nerves them to the conflict. "God speed the right;" and may the Editress of The Lily, and its contributors, *yet wear the garlands their perseverance has merited.* ALMIRA GREGORY.

ITHACA, N. Y., NOV. 23.

Extract from a Private Letter.

MRS. AMELIA BLOOMER:

* * * * * * * As far as I am acquainted, your subscribers are much pleased with the "Lily" Its superiority over those periodicals commonly read by women, is so evident that none but those who consider that woman's strength is in her weakness can fail to see it. True, there are many of this class of persons, but there are daily evidences of progress, even among the most conservative. Let these who have an earnest faith in an equal Humanity be firm, consistent and active, willing for a season to bear misrepresentation, and if need be, ridicule, even though some men who are old enough to write for the newspapers, should stigmatize them as "strong-minded," and a few years will show a great revolution in public sentiment. "Justice shall not always cry in vain." But the end is not yet. The delusion of a carefully nursed chivalry, with its language of poetry, must be met and exposed, the iron chains and *whalebone braces* of relentless Fashion must be broken, moss-covered Prejudice and conceited Ignorance must, if not destroyed, be effectually weakened, and last but not least, Indolence must be aroused from its soul-destroying lethargy. Allow me to suggest that a *certain species* of Indolence which is *active* (?) in American women is the most formidable obstacle to be met. One common developement of this is the unwillingness to meet the increased responsibility necessarily following a recognition of "Woman's Rights." You must have felt this, Mrs. BLOOMER, wherever you have labored, have you not?

But all these things shall pass away. The victory will yet be declared upon the side of the Right. We must listen to no such word as fail, but we will labor on in the faith of the ultimate triumph of the truth. Success, then, to "The Lily;" may it bloom brighter and grow stronger—may its branches grow wider and its roots deeper with each succeeding year.

Yours in every righteous act,

FOSTORIA, Ohio. A. M. C.

The honorable Miss Murray, sister of a Scotch Duke, and maid of honor to Queen Victoria, has been staying for some days past in New York. Miss Murray is a lady of fine person, robust health, and uncommon energy of character—about forty years of age. She has visited several of our public institutions, and been entertained by many of our citizens to their own houses, where her frank and cordial manners, her singular intelligence and great kindness of heart, have secured her many friends. Miss Murray, we understand, has keenly enjoyed her extended tour in this country. She appears, however, to have been struck with amazement at the extravagant expenditure, the *helplessness*, and the ill-health of that unfortunate class of beings, the fashionable women of our cities. Miss Murray, like all the fashionable women of Europe, dresses so plainly that it probably costs her less to dress for a whole year than many a New York lady expends for half a dozen handkerchiefs! It is a settled thing in Europe, that extravagance in dress is *the very extreme of vulgarity*, and is never indulged in except by those whose only claim to distinction is their length of purse.—*Life Ill.*

HAVE YOU TRIED?—You say you have no influence, and it is no use for you to think of doing anything to help make this world better! Have you tried? Have you earnestly and faithfully endeavored to induce any one person to break off from an evil habit and exchange it for a good one? Do you ever try to persuade a friend to attend a good meeting, read a good book, or take a useful newspaper? If not, how do you know that you have no influence and can do no good? Try. If you have not ten talents you may have one. Use that one faithfully and it will increase till you have two, five, ten.

NOBLE BEQUEST.—William Walker, of London, has bequeathed £1,000 to the poor of his native city, Perth, the income to be expended in blankets, coal and oatmeal in the month of November in each year forever.

WOMAN AN ECCLESIASTIC.

LETTER FROM THE REV. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Inquiries, written and verbal, are continually made of me in reference to the position which Woman can now occupy in the Clerical Profession. Particularly, of late, a *portion* of the public are beginning to manifest a renewed interest in this subject; enough, it would seem, to warrant the statement of a few facts, attested by experience, and yet as little personal as is possible under the circumstances.

About a year and a half since, I was settled as minister of "The Congregational Church of Butler and Savannah,' Wayne Co., N. Y. Early last August I left, on account of ill health, expecting to return again in two or three weeks. After twice that time had elapsed, by the advice of physicians and friends, I wrote requesting a dismissal from the Church, with the intention of devoting several months to the recruiting of overtaxed energies. Not long since, I returned there to take a public leave of the Church and Congregation. The sole and only reason for my leaving was ill health. There have been no practical difficulties in the way of a woman's performing the duties of a pastor; and for months past the fact of my being a *clergy-woman* has attracted much less attention and discussion in South Butler than the simple question of doctrines and opinions.

Ministers belonging to nearly all evangelical and non-evangelical sects have been ready to make an exchange of pulpits. Any woman at medium talents and piety, located as a minister of the present day, would be constantly obliged to decline such exchanges from far and near. The strong desire to hear a woman preach more than overbalances the disabilities under which she labors in this respect. While some clergymen would refuse all Christian and ministerial courtesies, others (either because of their own views, or at the solicit tion of their congregations,) would be doubly anxious to effect an exchange, simply because of the novelty of her position; while she would find it for the interest of her parish to be absent as seldom as possible, since more or less strangers from a distance are liable to be in her congregation every Sabbath.

The same is true of the number and importance of the calls which she would be likely to receive to be located as pastor. A given amount of talent would make her much more prominent before the public than if she were a gentlemen. There would be no difficulty in obtaining a salary amply sufficient to pay her own bills; and, if Providence had given her an invalid husband, and several small children, depending upon her for a support, reasoning from analogy, I should say she would be able, as a clergy-woman, to provide them with every necessary comfort. But there would still be one drawback to this phase of the subject—the more orthodox and consistent members of the Society of Friends would close the doors of their meeting-houses against her, as a "hireling minister."

Nearly any orthodox woman, possessing the proper mental and moral qualifications, could, it is presumed, obtain as regular and formal an ordination as she chose. Judging from the declaration of a number of clergymen within a few months past, there is a decided change in this respect, in favor of ecclesiastical equality, without the favoritism of sex.

This is one side of the picture. There is another.

An amount of opposition and misrepresentation of every variety may be expected—sufficient to call for the fullest exercise of Christian patience and philanthropic magnanimity. If all misstatements are not explained and corrected, people will insist that there must be something wrong about it, particularly since it was published in "our paper;" and yet every such falsehood partakes of the true Protean character. If you cut it utterly to pieces, every piece will spring up an entire new hydra; each, after this physiological multiplication, more active and vigorous than the original.

South Butler is a little village noted for its variety of religious views and denominations, and for its independent canvassing of all mooted opinions. As a retired spot for an inexperienced preacher to do good and get good, to think carefully and speak freely, it has fully met my expectations. If it was sometimes like casting bread upon troubled waters, my heart never faltered on this account. Judged by the size of the congregation, my labors were a marked and continued success. Judged by the cordial support of those who sympathized in my views and position, there is every reason to be gratefully satisfied. Judged by the amount of criticism from opposers, both at home and abroad, it should be looked upon as an emphatic event.

E. g. A village woman runs away from her husband and children in company with a paramour. A correspondent, writing of this fact to *The Baptist Register*, and ignorant, it would seem, that there was any man in the case, gives the entire incident the thorough baptism, "Woman's Rights." The editor of the *Baptist Register*, taking his cue from this, kindly calls the attention of his readers to the circumstance, and admonishes them that the delinquent woman has escaped from the vicinity of Antoinette Brown's ministrations! leaving them to draw their own inferences. This watchman has, from the first, been faithful to the duty of crying aloud and sparing not. In this case he was, of course, necessarily ignorant of the fact that the woman in question had never heard me preach or lecture but once, and that I had never spoken to her personally but once, and then only to utter a simple "How d'ye do, ma'am?" and moreover, that she was a member of the *South Butler Baptist Church*, and that the man was actually a *Baptist Divinity-student*.

The literary character of our retired village has taken a decided rise. Though there are probably no authors who have attained quite to the dignity of "penny-a-liners," the gratuitous contributions to the public journals indicate a very general and growing state of benevolent and philanthropic sentiment. One preacher (a Disciple) writes a succession of letters and pamphlets, in which at one time he informs the public that, so far from my having an audience inconveniently large for the size of our church, as has been reported in *The Tribune*, that a person who attended once told him that I had only twenty-five hearers. At another time he places me "in a fix," theological, it is presumed, but which finally resolves itself into the grave question of which of us could be most accurate in calling over our English and Greek A, B, Cs.

Finally, a Methodist clergyman comes up, all the way from the great city of New York, to dedicate the new Methodist "model" gem of a church; and informs the readers of *The Christian Advocate* that he writes from "a place of no little celebrity in the 'ecclesiastical world,' the parish of the Rev. Antoinette Brown!" He adds, "Antoinette has resigned her charge, I believe, and has retired to private life with her friends near Rochester. She seems not to have succeeded very well as a pastor." Not the slightest allusion is made to the sole cause of my resigning; but the inference is almost drawn for us, that she "has failed in preaching, and given it up in discouragement." That such a statement should be made in a newspaper is not surprising; but that it should have appeared over the real signature of any clergyman, is one of the things for which I am unable to account. Let me say here, in honor and justice to both the Methodist ministers who have been resident at Butler, that they have acted always as Christian gentlemen and brothers; both soliciting an exchange of pulpits, taking part with me at meetings, funerals, and one of them on a communion occasion, precisely as they would have done toward any other pastor of a neighboring church.

But instances enough have been given to illustrate the present attitude of things. Candid and earnest opposition is to be expected, while honest and conscientious men really believe that the Bible excludes woman from the office of the ministry. Such opponents are to be honored and respected—if possible, met with argument and example. It is cheering to be able to say that there are many indications of a growing change in favor of as various methods of explaining the teachings of St. Paul upon the position of Woman, as there are of interpreting the nature of Jewish Slavery.

It is to be expected, too, while Human Nature is unchanged, that some religious journalists will be very likely to be pointed, personal and cutting in their allusions to "Rev. Ladies." They often speak to a point, while mere secular writers are simply aiming at a lavish display of pleasantry and witticisms. *The New York Herald*, for instance, can afford to be affable and complimentary in comparison with some more weighty periodicals. It has no temptation to be otherwise than chivalrous, and in earnest to take the lead in anything like cheerful matrimonial gossipping, and can afford to do a good deal in that line gratuitously. Whether its applications are false or true, need be of little import in such a connection-since there is no particular reason for a great deal of discrimination. Again: when a regular contributor of *The New York Independent* sees fit to show from the Bible and Matthew Henry, that sending a woman, "presuming to intrude herself into the office of the Christian Ministry," as a delegate to a public Convention, is altogether an infidel movement, of course *The Independent* is not to be considered as indorsing the opinions of its correspondents. If it sees fit, it has the right, and perhaps it is a duty, to exclude any reply; since it might be wrong to aid in giving any publicity to erroneous opinions.

Permit me now to close with the entirely personal statement that I have *not* retired into private life for any considerable length of time. The lesson that it is impossible for me to perform an amount of labor sufficient for three men has been well learned, and, it is hoped, to no permanent disadvantage. I am now able to preach and lecture occasionally, and hope in a few months to resume the regular duties of the stated preacher, with a constitution strong enough to give the promise of many years yet—enough to fill up the scriptural measure of human life; and if, by reason of strength, I should attain to four-score years, there is a good half of a century to be devoted to the one leading purpose of my life—the preaching of what to me appears the Gospel of Truth. It may be well enough for the public to suspend its judgment of failure or success for a few years longer.

As to the often-raised question of orthodoxy, it is enough to say that, if, as somebody says, "orthodoxy is *my-doxy*, and heterodoxy is everybody else's doxy," then I am emphatically orthodox; but if it is a term denoting the popular religion of the day, which has proved itself to be a respecter of persons—it matters not whether it be in respect to color, *sex*, or condition—then I am declaratively heterodox, and shall hereafter assume to be an Eclectic in Theology.

ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

HENRIETTA, Nov. 20, 1854.

A State Temperance Convention was held at Hartford, Conn., on Thursday last. From every quarter the most cheering tidings were brought in regard to the operation of the prohibitory liquor law. The following resolution, which was adopted, shows how the friends of the law feel:

Resolved, That the universal experience of the people under the operation of our excellent prohibitory law, fully confirms our most sanguine expectations, and establishes upon a firm and sure basis its wisdom, efficiency and power.

Drunkenness was so prevalent in Australia, that the newspapers and the sober portion of the community were calling out for the Maine Law, as the only means of saving the colony.

Dr Graham, who killed Col. Loring at the St. Charles Hotel, some time since, has been sentenced to the State Prison for seven years, the utmost limit of the law.

Selected for The Lily.

Lines in memory of Rosalinda and Henrietta infant daughters of Darius and Ann E. Adams.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

O! I am very, very lonely!
Thought is busy in my heart,
Opening the fount of every feeling,
Making pearly tear-drops start
Joy and Hope, those blessed angels
That were wont to nestle there,
Now, alas! lie crushed and bleeding
'Neath a weight of grief and care.

Would you know why earth seems dreary?
Listen to my tale of grief;
And while on your ear 'tis falling,
Pray that I may find relief
From the only source of comfort,
From the Lord of light and love,
Who in mercy took my lambkins
To His heavenly fold above.

O! it seems but yestereven
Since they prattled on my knee,
Or, that full of life came bounding
To my side, my children three.
And it seems but yestereven
To the Angel one was given,
While a voice methought kept whispering,
'Two on earth and one in Heaven.'

Then I folded to my bosom
Those that to my care were left,
Feeling that though one was taken,
I was not of all bereft.
But again the angel sought me—
One more silken cord was riven,
And once more I heard a whisper,
'One on earth and two in Heaven.'

Long I gazed upon the casket,
When the gem was borne away;
To mine own full oft and fondly
Did I press those lips of clay.
Yet altho' my heart was bleeding.
There was one sweet solace given,
All the while a voice seemed saying
'One on earth and two in Heaven.'

Thou hast left, O, Heavenly Shepherd,
One sweet lambkin to my care,
And I know 'twas better, wiser
Thou shouldst have the larger share.
Yet sometimes my wayward spirit
To despair and doubt is given,
Until Faith comes down and whispers
'One on earth and two in Heaven.'

BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

I was standing in the broad crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain, and although the sun was shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the frozen ground. There was a clear, bright look, and a bold, bracing feeling in the air, and a keen west wind that quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along a poor, ill-clad child—her clothes were scant and thread-bare, and she had no cloak nor shawl, and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child!—I, even I, who could do nothing else, pitied her. As she passed, her feet slipped on the ice, and she fell with a cry of pain, but she held her bundle tightly in her hand, and jumped up, and although she slipped badly, attempted to run as before.

"Stop, little girl, stop," said a sweet voice, and a lady in a shawl with furs all around her came out of a jeweler's store close by.

"Poor little child," said she, "are you hurt? Sit down on these steps and tell me." How I loved her, and how beautiful she looked! "O, I cannot," said the child. "I cannot wait—I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother must finish this work to-night, or she will never get any more shoes to bind."

"To-night?" said the beautiful woman, "to-night!"

"Yes," said the child—for the stranger's kind manner made her bold—"yes, for the great ball to-night, and these satin slippers must be spangled and—"

The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's hand and unrolled it. You do not know how her face flushed and turned pale; but I, yes I, looked into the bundle and on the inside of the slipper I saw a name—a lady's name—written, but I shall not tell it.

"And where does your mother live, dear little girl?"

So the child told her where, and then told her that her father was dead, and that her little baby brother was sick, and that her mother bound shoes that they might have bread, that sometimes they were cold, and that her mother sometimes cried because she had no money to buy milk for her little sick brother. And then I saw that the lady's eyes were full of tears, and that she rolled up the bundle quickly, and gave it back to the little girl, but she gave her nothing else, no, not even one sixpence, and, turning away, went back into the store from which she had just come out.

As she went away, I saw the glitter of a diamond pin and a handsome carriage roll off. The little girl looked after her for a moment, and then with her little bare feet colder than before, ran quickly away. I went with the little girl, and saw her go to a narrow damp street, and into a small dark room, and I saw her mother—her sad, faded mother, but with a face so sweet, so patient, hushing and soothing a sick baby. The baby slept, and the mother laid it on her lap, and the bundle was unrolled. A dim candle helped her with her work; for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then, after a while she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm her poor frozen feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a little piece of bread, for she had no more; and then she heard her evening prayer and folded her tenderly to her bosom, blessed her, and told her that the angels would take care of her. And the little child slept and dreamed—oh! such pleasant dreams—of warm stockings and new shoes—but the mother sewed on alone. And, as the bright spangles glittered on the satin slipper, came there no repining in her heart? When she thought of her child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of dry bread, which had not satisfied her hunger, came there no visions of a bright room and gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded with all that is good and nice, one little portion of which would send warmth and comfort to her humble dwelling?

If such thoughts came, and others—of a pleasant cottage, and one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept want and trouble from her and her babes, but who could never come back—if these thoughts did come repiningly, came also another; and the widow's hands were clasped, and her head bowed low in deep contrition, as I heard her say, "Father, forgive me, for thou doest all things well, and I trust in thee." Just then the door opened and some one entered. Was it an angel? Her dress was of spotless white and she moved with noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft warm blankets. Then presently a fire sparkled in the grate, such as it had never known before. Then she passed gently before the mother, and drawing the unfinished slipper from her hand, placed there a purse of gold, and said in a voice like music, "Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow"—and she was gone; only as she went out I heard her say, "BETTER THAN DIAMONDS—BETTER THAN DIAMONDS." What could she mean? I looked at the mother. With clasped hands and streaming eyes she blessed her God, who had sent an angel to comfort her. So I went to a bright room, where there was music and dancing, and sweet flowers; and I saw young happy faces and beautiful women richly dressed, and sparkling with jewels; but none that I knew, until one passed me whose dress was of simple white, with only a rosebud on her bosom, whose voice was like the sound of a silver lute. No spangled slipper was glittering on her foot; but she moved as one that treadeth upon the air, and the divine beauty of holiness had so glorified her face that I felt as I gazed upon her that she was an angel of God.

The Indians within the Territory of the United States, have gradually dwindled in number until they have been reduced to but 400,000.

D. C. BLOOMER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

AND

LAND AGENT,

AT

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

WILL promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him in Western Iowa and Nebraska Territory. He will also give particular attention to the purchase and sale of lands, for farming purposes; and also of Town Lots, in Council Bluffs and other places in Iowa; and in Omaha City, Winter Quarters, Belleview, and other towns in Nebraska Territory; the investigation of land titles, the payment of taxes for non-residents, the investment of money in real estate and all business connected with the Land Office in the district. Information in relation to the country, will be at all times freely communicated to persons addressing him on the subject, by letter or otherwise.

REFERENCES:

C. Voorhes & Co., Council Bluffs, Iowa.
S. T. Carey, " " "
James Peck & Co, Chicago, Illinois.
Dr. C. D. Williams, Cleveland, Ohio.
Henry Haigh, Detroit, Michigan.
Hosmer Curtis, Mount Vernon, Ohio.
Hon. W. A. Sackett, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Downs & Co., " " "
Hon. J. K. Richardson, Waterloo, "
N. J. Milliken, Canandagua, New York.
Hon. W. H. Seward, Auburn, " "
F. Chamberlain, Albany, " "
Alfred Conkling & Co., New York City.

OFFICE—on Pacific street, a few doors south of the *Pacific House*, and near the Land Office.

Mr. B. will be in Council Bluffs early in April, and prepared to attend to all business that may be entrusted to him.

Dec. 15, 1854.

MRS. MARY HOPPERTON,

NEW YORK MILLINERY STORE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

Springfield Ohio.

A large and beautiful assortment of Ladies' Bonnets, Caps, Head Dresses, Hair Bands, French Embroideries, Veils, and Trimming Laces.

Dresses and Cloaks cut and made to Order.

Pinking, Crimping, Stamping for Embroideries.
Fashions received Monthly.